

ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure.

A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength.—Latest U. S. Government Food Report.
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall street, New York.

WEEKLY BAZOO

SEDALIA, MO.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 31, 1893.

7% FARM LOANS.

5, 10, or 15 years, with privilege of repaying PART OR ALL AT ANY TIME. I also write Insurance.

W. H. RITCHEY,
114 East Second St., Sedalia, Mo.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE BAZOO is authorized to announce G. W. Driskill, as a candidate for County School Commissioner, subject to the decision of the democratic convention or primary.

When I am with his own BAZOO, The same shall not be known.

PURELY PERSONAL.

Points of Interest About People You Know or Hear of.

—Senator Charles E. Yeater was in the city yesterday.

—Frank Hardcastle is spending the Sabbath in Sedalia.

—Col. Darwin Marmaduke was a visitor to Sedalia yesterday.

—Chris Johnson of Rich Hill was visiting in Sedalia last week.

—Major Jas. B. Wasson, local manager of the New York Life Insurance Co., went to Kansas City yesterday afternoon.

—Abel Cohn, formerly of Sedalia, now of Queenah, Texas, is in the city today. Abel is in the silver mining business, also selling dry goods.

—Hon. W. F. Tuttle, of Dresden, was in the city yesterday. He is one of the most popular gentlemen of Pettis county and has many friends in Sedalia.

—W. Y. Brown, a popular young traveling salesman representing the George Kahn & Sons' Boot and Shoe Co., of St. Louis, was at Sier's last night.

—Hon. G. E. Rothwell, president of the board of educators of the Missouri university, was in Sedalia last evening while on his return from Jefferson City to Moberly—his home.

—Deputy Recorder Sam Rosse is a greatly tickled man just now, because Governor Stone appointed his friend, Charles Evans, mine inspector. Sam signed Evans' application for the appointment.

—Chief of Police DeLong returned Friday night from an eight days' absence in Ohio, where he went to visit his mother, who is 73 years old. Mr. DeLong has been back to his Ohio home but twice in twenty-six years.

—John L. O'Bryan of Booneville, who had been under the skillful treatment of Dr. Edgar Miles in St. Louis for several weeks, passed through town yesterday on his return home, much improved in health.

—Col. Frank Stillwell, superintendent Kansas City Union Depot, brother of Mead E. Stillwell, superintendent Western division Missouri Pacific Railway, arrived in the city last night, and will be a guest of his brother today.

—Hon. Dorsey W. Shackelford, of Booneville, Hon. Henry C. Riley, of New Madrid, and Hon. John R. Walker, of Booneville, came over from Booneville Friday evening and took supper at Sier's, and left at midnight that night for Jefferson City, where they spent yesterday. Judge Riley, who is assisting Judge Shackelford in holding circuit court at Booneville, is an able jurist and a companionable gentleman. Mr. Walker, who accompanied the party, is a candidate for United States district attorney for the Western district of Missouri.

SEDALIA BRIEFS.

—The ladies of the W. R. C. will give a Martha Washington entertainment at their hall on the 22nd of February.

—Charles Martin, who was the first book-keeper of the First National Bank of Sedalia, died twenty years ago yesterday.

—Judge J. W. Walker was yesterday notified that his client S. F. Neely, of this city, had been granted a pension of eight dollars per month.

—A Sedalian who was recently visiting in Moberly, says Tom Kehoe was about the first person he ran across after arriving in the town. The Sedalian also advises us that Tom is still in it, and although several rattles have been added to the "26," Tom is still as chipper as a young poll parrot, and looks fine as silk. We would like very much to have Tom back with us, but since circumstances prevent we will leave him to the tender mercies of "Hickster" and the Moberly belles.

GOOSEBONE AND GROUND HOG.



ORN husk, goose bone, ground hog and Hicks, these four, but the greatest of these is round hog. The thin corn husk indicates a winter as mild as a maiden before marriage. A man may rely on this and get caught out in a blizzard in November and lose both ears and a pair of his best toes. The heavy corn husk indicates a winter as severe and stormy as a disappointed old maid, yet a firm believer in the corn husk as a weather prognosticator may see a winter following the heavy corn husk mild enough to rot the potatoes in the cellar or sprout an elm back log.

A friend of mine, who is a Kansas republican, told me only last week that he had lost faith in the goosebone and his relatives.

He said, "I have an aunt living in Kentucky who nurses her goosebone next to her bible. She wrote me last fall that the goosebone indicated a very mild winter. Being an ardent admirer of republican principles and having faith in the reliability of my aunt's knowledge of the goosebone, I bet the money on Harrison that I should have laid away to buy me a new overcoat, thinking that if the winter was going to be mild anyhow, if I lost the bet I could get through the winter on my last summer's ulster. But my aunt and the goosebone have been 24 degrees below zero for over a month. At my home in Concordia, I have been fishing coal out of the snow up to my chin whiskers and a dad-draited democrat is wearing the overcoat I ought to have."

"No, the goosebone won't do," said the Kansan, as he broke the iceicles on his moustache with the handle of his pocket-knife.

Hicks predicted that January 6 would be the coldest day of this winter. It was the only day during the entire winter that your wife could hang her clothes out in the back yard without freezing her nose as stiff as the dignity of a woman whose husband used to have money before the war. Why on that very day I stood in my shirt sleeves in the kitchen door and suggested to my neighbor, who lives next door, that it would be an act of humanity to remove his poultry from the cherry tree to his woodshed. Hicks said we would have a warm wave following Christmas day. I knew a man who started down town that morning, and before he got three blocks from his interesting little family, his breath froze up as tight as the head of the Mississippi river. The congealed channel to his anatomy looked like one of Lem's cold storage houses. When his expectation would come in contact with the sidewalk, it was champagne on ice, pure and simple. That is the kind of weather prophet Hicks is.

When I was a boy I had the promise of a visit to my dear old grandmother, the Saturday after Easter Sunday. Easter Sunday it rained all day, and a white-haired old colored man who did the chores at our house for his board and chewing tobacco, said to me that evening:

"Boy, I'm sorry for ye. You won't git ter see yo' gran'ma for seben weeks. When it rains on Easter, it's sho gwine ter rain for seben Sundays."

The old darkey's face was a study the following Sunday when the sun rose in all the glory of a bright spring morning, and I mounted a roan mule to ride sixteen miles to visit my old grandmother. As I rode off, Uncle Lou, rubbed his forehead with the palm of his hand and said:

"Fore de Lord, I neber seed de like of dat befo' rain all day yistiday, den stop. Dar mus' be sumpin wrong wid de elements."

All signs and all prophets fail except the ground-hog, if he comes out of his hole and sees his shadow he immediately goes back and pulls his hole in after him, and if you are thinking of setting a hen you had better put it off for six weeks. You had also better house the spring lambs and take that editor the load of wood you owe him on subscription. But if the ground-hog can scamper around beneath the lazy mists of heaven without seeing his shadow trailing beneath him, you can count on it he has cometostay and you can go from Sedalia to St. Paul in your shirt sleeves on a hand-car with perfect safety.

It has always been a mystery to me why the ground-hog is so much like some men, afraid of his shadow. I have laid awake at nights, when I had the toothache and couldn't sleep, wondering why this is, that as soon as the ground-hog wakes from his winter's slumber and sees his shadow he immediately dodges his own shadow, and if he isn't afraid of anything else except himself, which shows at least that he has a conscience.

Perhaps he has been out all night with the boys and doesn't want his wife to know it, or perhaps he contributed \$500 to the campaign fund and only put a nickel in the contribution box, or maybe again he owes a board bill and is dodging the constable from the next town down the road. All these things and many more have suggested themselves to me as accounting for the peculiar action of the ground-hog's shadow in chasing the hog, as I lay awake at nights in my cabin home looking out upon the cheerless and voiceless stars.

And hereby hangs a tale. We need a reformation in the life of the ground-hog, as well as in humanity, for upon his conscience depends our early potatoes. Reform with a capital R as big as the R in Radway's Ready Relief is demanded in the life of the ground-hog that he may not henceforth become afraid of his shadow and run away and hide himself in the bowels of the earth, thus procrastinating the beauty and joy and verdure of the loveliest season of the year—spring.

It is left to the BAZOO to settle a vexed question after a 6,000 years' wrangle in the world's history. From the beginning of time up to the discovery of America and the founding of the state capital at Jefferson City, it has been a mooted question whether ground-hog day was February 2d,

Our Great Annual Clearing Sale!

Will Take This Section by Storm. The Fun Begins To-Morrow. Read the Prices.

50c Surah Silks, now 22½c.
15c Imported design flannelettes, not sold but given away, at 5c a yard.
10c White domestic flannel, now 5c.
15c Figured silkline, for curtains and drapes, a gift at 5c a yard.

PLUSH SACQUES.

All \$25, \$30 and \$40 plush sacques, reduced to give you choice of entire lot for \$15.

\$8 Plush jackets, now \$3.50.

\$12 Real seal plush Jackets, now \$5.

\$10 and \$12 Fur trimmed or plain tailor-made reefers, choice of lot \$5.

\$5 Storm serge reefers, now \$2.50.

\$20 Garments, cut to \$10.

\$7.50 New Markets, now \$1.98.

\$3.50 Jerseys, for street wear, now \$1.98.

\$2.50 Jerseys, for house wear, now 98c.

Children's 75c Jerseys, now 25c.

Children's 25c aprons, now 10c.

Ladies' \$1.50 rubber aprons, now 48c.

Ladies' \$1 gossamer, damaged, 10c.

Ladies' 50c gossamer sleeves, shop-worn, 10c.

Gents' \$2 gossamer coats, shop-worn, 50c.

25c Double width plain dress goods 12½c.

50c Dress goods, now 25c.

\$1.50 and \$2 Dress goods, now 75c.

20c Swan down complexion powder, 5c.

Also a raft of blankets, comforts, flannels, table linens, lace curtains, underwear, hosiery and notions, at heretofore unheard of low prices.

Frank B. Meyer & Bro.,

GRAND CENTRAL,

304 and 306 OHIO STREET.

P. S.—All goods advertised will be found on our counters Monday, January 30th. Price quoted, good for entire week, or until such a time as lots advertised are disposed of.

or 14th. Now that the BAZOO has thrown its moral and religious influence in favor of the former, the question of the identity of ground-hog-day can no longer be in contest, for all of which future generations will rise up as one man, who siteth on a hornet, and call the BAZOO published "for the people now on earth" blessed.

WILL BURNHAM.

"I used Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup in my family and found its work marvelous. No household is complete without it." Charles Scholer, 32 Norris street, Balto., Md.

The Editor was In.

He was an irate creditor.
Possessed of many powers;
He came to whip the editor.
Today at 10. No flowers.

Murphy Got His Money.

Mr. W. M. Draffen, a brilliant young lawyer and one of Booneville's ablest and best known members of the bar, was in the city a short time Friday evening on legal business. James Murphy, the negro porter in the employ of the Andrews opera company, who was so badly cut here Thursday, was a creditor of the opera company to the amount of \$83, which the company refused to pay and went to Booneville without paying. Murphy employed Hon. W. D. Steele to secure his money for him and Mr. Steele sent the claim to W. M. Draffen at Booneville. Mr. Draffen, by getting out a writ of attachment while the opera company was in Booneville, secured the full amount of Murphy's claim and paid it to him and the wounded porter went on his way rejoicing.

Mr. Draffen reported the circuit court at Booneville now in session, as progressing well and disposing of a great deal of business. Judge D. W. Shackelford is sitting on the bench for the first time and Mr. Draffen says, disposes of business with rapidity and presides with dignity. As Judge Shackelford was, until installed as circuit judge, prosecuting attorney of Cooper county, he is disqualified to sit on criminal cases and Judge Henry C. Riley, of New Madrid, Mo., is trying all criminal cases by request. The McCord murder case from this county, by change of venue, will be tried this week, beginning to-morrow, for murder in the first degree. McCord now being in jail at Booneville. Prosecuting Attorney Louis Hoffman and Hon. W. D. Steele, of this city, will prosecute and Mr. William Parmerlee of this city, and Hon. John Cosgrove of Booneville, will defend McCord. It promises to be an interesting case.

Diphtheria in a Cat.

The following queer story is taken from the Hancock county Independent, of New Cumberland, West Virginia, published by A. W. Brown, a brother-in-law of Robert N. Morrow, of this city:

A little girl at Columbiana was recently taken ill with diphtheria, but recovered after being under the care of a physician for about a week. She had a cat of which she was very fond, and it was her constant companion in bed. In a few days the cat became sick, vomited and its neck became swollen and sore. A day or two later it died from the disease it had taken from the child.

Dangerously Ill.

The many friends of Rev. John Montgomery will learn with deep regret that he is dangerously ill at his home near Longwood and his death may be expected at any moment. The members of his family have been summoned to his bedside and when the Dark Angel comes, he will be surrounded by those nearest and dearest to him. Rev. Montgomery is one of the noble old pioneers of Missouri and his grand example and Christian influence have left indelible marks upon every community where he is known. May his end be a peaceful one.

A Small Mishap.

Hon. G. F. Langan, Hon. W. D. Steele and William Parmerlee, Esq., were out in a surrey Friday afternoon inspecting a piece of property a short distance north of the city, which is now in litigation in the circuit court. On their return to the city, while making a short turn at a rapid gait, Mr. Langan driving, the vehicle was accidentally overturned and all the occupants were thrown to the frozen ground. Luckily all escaped without serious injury. The vehicle suffered the most.

Real Estate Transfers.

B. F. Haggard and wife to J. E. Sewell northwest quarter of northeast quarter section 20 township 48 range 22.

M. J. Ryan and husband to J. C. Gold, lot 10, block 1, Lisle's addition \$700.

Columbus Haile, to D. T. Hartsborn, north half of lot 1, and 2, block 2, Smith and Cotton's addition, \$800.

Written For the BAZOO's Ground-hog Edition:

IN THAT LITTLE HOLE O' HIS.



ground-hog lay all winter in his little sheltered hole, And he didn't care a nickel for a single living soul.

For his furry coat did wrap him and he didn't have to eat; So he snored and kep' a dreamin' While the wind and weather beat.

And he lay like Rip Van Winkle, while the days did slip away,

And the signal service flipped and flopped, with what it had to say.

And he never winked an eyelash, for he knew it was his "biz," Just to keep from any medlin', in that little hole o' his,

Until "Old Probs" and Wiggins had done their level best, And the weather clerk had given up and sat him down to rest.

No; he never winked an eyelash, and he never heard of Blaine, Who has drifted to a country where there isn't any pain,

Nor he didn't hear how Kansas, with a wild and woolly reck, Ripped the shirt of law and order from the tail up to the neck.

And he hadn't heard of Panama, and that atrocious steal, Which made old Pap DeLesseps, and the other boodlers, squeal,

Nor Butler's passing over, nor the Khedive's big "defy;" Nor the Bakersville sensation, which proved to be a lie—

Nor the Alton Junction horror, with its cruel, open switch, Nor the g. o. p.'s high kicking, when it tumbled in the ditch.

Nor theosophy, nor Ibsen, nor the Delsarte culture craze, Nor the death of Boston's bishop, nor the "winking out" of Hayee—

Why, it didn't know Missouri had her rivals gone forewent, With a Stone above her towerin', like a great tall monument,

And it hadn't heard o' "pine top" with its yellor jacket taste, Nor our legislative skirt dance—jest the people's funds to waste—

No, it kept on softly snorin', while it's breast it fell, and "riz." And the corn husk wasn't in it—in that little hole o' his.

And the time it kep' a goin', and the days they longer grew, And the Jin-oo-ary blizzards turned the goose-bone very blue.

But they didn't phase the ground-hog, 'cause you see he knew full well, That to do his duty ably, he must still "saw wood" a spell.

And so, he kep' on dreamin' as he tarried in his lair, While Chicago and "Sent" Louis kep' a hagglin' over the fair.

And the cottage up at Lakewood, like the Mecca of the Jews, Had so many pilgrims to it that the way was paved with shoes.

And the hungry office-seekers, like to wolves without a fold, Gnashed their teeth with disappointment as they shivered in the cold.

Yes, still the ground-hog slumbered, with a never-changing phiz, For well his form was hidden, in that little hole o' his,

While St. Valentine drew nearer and the lovers 'gan to woo, And the birds began a matin' and the widowers to sue.

He jest kep' on a snorin' and the folks they didn't know Whether pleasant days were comin', or the clouds "let in" to snow.

And the fact, it is surprisin', but they really couldn't tell If they'd better doff their flannels, or keep 'em on a spell.

And still he didn't waken, and still he slept serene, While the preachers told the story of the blessed Nazarene.

And the women chased the nickels till they caught enough to buy, A nice new pulpit cushion—or a spire to scrape the sky.

And then, one morning, early, he wakened from his sleep And kinder jest to lumber, he back and forth did creep.

And he rubbed his joints a little and he wagged his stiffened chops; For he knew, did Mr. Ground-hog, that the world would jest "kerflope"

If he didn't do his duty, and since the time had come He meant to do it tip-top—though his legs were pow'rful numb—

And his almanac he opened and he jotted down the date, While an anxious people waited till their breath began to bate.

Then he stepped him forth right gaily—it was February second— And he felt as free and natty as a dicky bird is reckoned.

And then—he went right back again—but that there "shadder biz"— He keeps that little secret, in that little hole o' his.

—Rose Pearle.

Written For the BAZOO's Ground-hog Edition.

THE GROUND-HOG.

It's O, for the times of our fathers, And O, for the good old days, 'Ere the upstart prophets of weather Came with their new-fangled ways, Though the lucky and humble ground-hog, That balanced the season's fate, Knew naught of the juggles of science, He knows how to watch and to wait.

In his burrow in woodland hill-side, Hard by some ice-covered stream, He waits for the time appointed, Then wakes from his winter dream. From his door he cautiously peereth For shadows that come before— Oh! Wiggins and Hicks, with their wisdom, Might envy his subtle lore.

Then, may we not learn from the ground-hog A lesson of value to man? He patiently waits without worry, And doeth the best he can— Accepteth whatever is offered, With never a growl or scold; If it isn't warm to his liking, He's willing to take it cold.

—St. Miller.

Troy, Kan., Chief.

A Pleasant Party.

At 802 East Sixth street last evening Maudie Richardson, assisted by Grand-ma Chaney and Mrs. Jack Chaney, entertained a number of her young friends, among whom were: Nellie Chaney, Pearl Chaney, Herbert Chaney, Mamie Emrick, Myrtle Spargler, Zettie Weiss and Mrs. Bratton's twin girls.

J. F. STEPHENS, DRUGGIST

—AND—

Pharmacist,

Has opened a New Drug Store at

612 Ohio Street, Sedalia,

With a complete and entire new stock of Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Dyes, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Brushes, Stationery, Albums, Toilet Articles and everything kept in a first-class Drug Store.

Prescriptions carefully compounded. Fair treatment, good goods and low prices. Patronage solicited.

Wilson Restaurant.

The ever popular resort for the best 25c Meal in Sedalia. Regular day board \$3.50 per week. Fish every Friday.

211 OHIO STREET. DAVIS & AMICK Proprietors.

W. D. STEELE, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SEDALIA, MO.

Office in Hagenfritz building, corner of Third and Ohio streets.

FOR RENT,

The farm known as McDowell or Dyer farm, in Sec. 30, 44, 21, Pettis county. Will divide same into two or three farms.

Also several other farms. Enquire of J. M. BYLER, AGT.

DR. PRICE'S Cream Baking Powder.

The only Pure Cream of Tartar Powder.—No Ammonia; No Alum.
Used in Millions of Homes—40 Years the Standard.